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GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

[WHOLE No. 110.]

A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

## DIANA TEMPLETON,

### A TALE OF WEDDED LIFE.

By Mrs. C. H. CRISWELL.

When ye are in the godlike set

The gowd pins in your hair,  
Ye tak mair delight in your feckled dress  
Than ye do in the house of prayer."—*Ballad.*

CHAPTER V.

"What shall I do to win my lord again?"

Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

HE clock in an adjacent tower

had chimed the hour of three in

the morning when the mutually

unhappy husband and wife again

met in the retirement of their

tasteful chamber. Gloom hung

upon the brows of both and nei-

ther attempted to address the oth-

er. Diana's manner was calm

and subdued; not so, Egbert's—his

features were convulsed by some inward pang

and his eyes burned with some mental pain.

He sat upon a lounge near the fireplace

while Diana stood before the mirror, displac-

ing the oak leaves from her troubled brow.

At last the wife turned from the glass

and spoke with a deep sigh.

"Egbert, I have come to the conclusion

that it were better for our peace of mind

and mutual happiness that we return to the

country."

"O, you have!" he bitterly replied.

"Since when did you come to that sage

conclusion? Methinks, when you have so

strong a tie to keep you here that you would

be loath to leave the city. Or perhaps the

attraction is also to be removed."

"Egbert! dare you talk thus to me?"

You know in your heart that I do not

deserve your vile suspicions. Besides, a faith-

less husband has no right to make accusa-

tions against his wife, and especially with-

out real cause."

"What do you mean, Diana? I faith-

less! I'd like you to prove it. Pray,

where did you get your information?"

"I've seen for myself. Do you not con-

stantly cling to Lucy Snowden, whose hus-

band is absent? Did I not see you at Mrs.

Ilantson's soiree take her hand lovingly in

your own? How can you deny that you

are affectionately attentive to her every-

where?"

Egbert for a moment relaxed his coun-

tenance, and uttered a short laugh.

"I must say, Di, you are vastly amu-

ing. Well, I acknowledge all you say. I

do admire and esteem Mrs. Snowden; ay,

love her (the wife started, and his eyes be-

gan to blaze) as a dear sister. No more,

Di—no more—believe me. I remember

taking her hand, but it was merely to look

at her wedding ring. No, Di, you wrong

her; she is purely itself. And you wrong

me also. To-night, the characters we sup-

ported, obliged us to act the lovers, and you

and I, as the friends. I'll acknowledge, sat-

irically, "that you acting far surpassed ours;

it was so true to nature, that it was past all

seeming. Not only did you allow him to

take your hand, but at Mrs. Ilantson's the

other night, you permitted him to press his

four lips upon it. Can you deny that, most

faithful wife?" And a bitter sneer curled

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,

A stage where every man may play a part."

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tance, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter with Egbert

descended the steps and entered the carriage,

which immediately drove off.

Pausing until it was out of sight and

hearing, Dumont quickly retraced his steps,

and bounding lightly up to the hall door,

which, as fate would have it, had been

left unopened, he made his entrance

silently into the vestibule, where, passing

a moment, he heard the sound of a piano

in the back parlor. Diana had preferred

remaining at home that morning and had

just seated herself at the instrument to

while away an hour or so.

Listening breathlessly for a moment to

the deep, rich tones that fell upon his ear

and caused him to tremble as he stood,

Dumont almost forgot the purpose for

which he came; but conquering the agita-

tion he felt, he moved stealthily forward

and drew from his breast-pocket a loaded

pistol.

Another second—and he had reached

the parlor door. Raising his deadly wea-

pon, Dumont took a deliberate aim at the

unconscious songstress, and drew the trig-

ger. A loud report—a piercing scream

and a sudden fall followed—and before

the alarmed domestics, hearing the noise,

were able to reach the spot, the murderer

had made good his retreat.

Six months had flown by since the e-

vents above narrated. Stanley Dumont,

forever haunted by the stings of a guilty

conscience and the fear of discovery, fled

from one part of the Union to another, a

pale, haggard, sunken-eyed being, scarce

the shadow of his former self. Even in

the silence of night, those hours, when the

happy sleep, he was not free from the tor-

ments of a guilty soul. Terrible visions

robbed him of half his rest—visions where

he saw himself descending into the ever-

lasting fires of torment, pursued by the

ghastly spirit of the murdered one, who

seemed pushing him downward with a

supernatural strength.

In all his misery, he dared not call upon

God to pardon him—he believed himself

to be past all redemption, and could there-

fore only cry out in the bitterness of his

spirit, "my punishment is greater than I

can bear, but not greater than I deserve."

It was in the month of June, that Du-

mont, by "chance direction," found him-

self quartered in a sweet, rural village, not

many miles from the city before spoken

of. He could not account for the relief

of mind he suddenly experienced, on ar-

riving in this pleasant and calm retreat;

it may have been that remorse and pen-

itence were passing the way for better feel-

ings, and working a change in his hitherto

depraved and guilty heart; or there may

have been something in the calm and Sab-

bat-like stillness of this sweet spot that

was soothing and purifying to his soul.

However this may be, he that never pos-

sessed any religion, he, who scarcely knew

what religion was, felt as if drawn by

some mysterious power to crave with the

deepest humility the forgiveness of that

God whom he had all his life ignored.

He had obtained board at the house of

a widow who dwelt near the village church,

a neat, white structure, shaded by large

son he dreamed not of being within a hun-

dred miles of him. It was Mrs. Huntly.

He had just enough command over him-

self to suppress the start he felt on the

point of giving way to, but he could feel

his face grow a shade paler, as avoiding

her glance, he endeavored to seem at his

ease. Fortunately, at the moment, the

congregation knelt in prayer, and bowing

his head, he was enabled to hide the emo-

tion he could not suppress.

"Good God!" was his mental excla-

mation, "can she have any idea? Is she

here to become my ruin? Oh, fatal hour

that found me here! But, am I not too

hasty in my conclusions? How can she

know? She has no proof of my guilt—

suspicion cannot hang a man. I will not

allow myself these craven fears. I'll try

to be a man—I used to be a man—what

am I now?"

Growing more calm, Dumont was quiet-

ly attentive during the services, and never

suffered his eyes to wander in Mrs.

Huntly's direction while he remained in

the church. Mr. Remington's sermon had

been a powerful effort on his mind; while it

elevated his soul to purer and higher as-

pirations than he had ever, in his erring

life, experienced, it also brought him to

feel that sinful as he was, there was yet

a ray of hope for his future salvation. As

he left the church, absorbed in deep and

serious thought, he was suddenly accosted

by Mrs. Huntly.

"How do you do, Mr. Dumont. I de-

clare, I should not have thought of find-

ing you here, of all places in the world.

And how miserable you are looking; have

you been ill?" And the widow's keen

eyes noted scrutinizingly upon his hag-

gard countenance.

"Yes," he replied, scarcely looking at

her.

"Well, how cool you are! I see you

never mean to be friendly with me. Come

here," she said in a low tone, "can you

not forget the past, and visit me as a friend

at my house, which is near by?"

"Forget the past?" he repeated, in a

hollow tone, as he passed quickly onward,

his eyes bent to the earth, "would to

heaven I could!"

"I now feel sure I was right in my sus-

picious," murmured the widow, as she

stood and looked after him, "if so, I have

it in my power to make him suffer yet."

Dumont had scarcely reached the church

yard gate, when his glance rested on a

figure that sent a new pang of



**THE TIMES.**  
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.  
ADVERTISING.  
One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00.  
Each additional week 25cts. The following  
advertisements will be made in favor of standing  
advertisements:  
2 MONTHS. 3 MONTHS. 1 YEAR.  
One square, \$3.00 \$5.00 \$8.00  
Two squares, 6.00 10.00 14.00  
Three " 9.00 15.00 20.00  
Four " 12.00 20.00 26.00  
Eight " (1 col.) 18.00 30.00 40.00  
Professional and business cards, not exceeding  
six lines—per annum, \$5.00

**Monument to General Greene.**

TO THE PUBLIC.  
The erection of visible monuments to the distinguished dead, who have made signal sacrifices for their country and conferred lasting benefits upon mankind, is one of the most graceful acts of gratitude which posterity can perform. It is not only an appropriate tribute to a departed benefactor; it is also honorable to the people who thus show that they cherish in their hearts the virtues which confer glory upon their country and adorn and bless our race.

While a monument to the departed patriot strikes the eye with its grand and beautiful proportions, it is apt to kindle in the breast of the beholder a generous emulation of the fame which it perpetuates.

Impelled by such considerations, an Association has been formed, for the purpose of raising funds and erecting, at the county-seat of Guilford, a Monument to Gen. NATHANIEL GREENE, the patriot-hero, who, without disparagement to the brave spirits by whom he was surrounded, towered above all others in the revolutionary war in the South.

On the plains of Guilford—in the immediate scene of his brilliant military maneuvers, and hard-fought battle, in the terrible campaign of '81, which turned the fortune of war in favor of the American cause—we consider it appropriate that some striking memorial of his services should be set up. It is our desire and purpose to build a monument suitable, in simplicity and grandeur of style, to the character of the man whose name it is to commemorate; creditable to the age and people by whom it shall be built; and a significant memorial to future generations of the cost and the worth of American liberty and the American Union.

The "Greene Monument Association" has been organized with a view to securing the name and aid of every patriotic citizen of the country. The contribution of one dollar constitutes a life-membership. Any citizen so disposed, may not only become a member himself, but make each one of his family (or any one else) a member, by the contribution of a dollar for each. Coming within the means of all—it is hoped that all, who appreciate the inheritance of liberty which the patriot-general bequeathed to his country, will contribute to this grateful work.

It is a custom of the Arabs of the Desert to heap up monumental piles of stones on the graves of their distinguished chiefs. When a wandering horde approaches one of these rude monuments, each individual performs the sacred duty of gathering a stone to cast upon the ever-accumulating pile. Who, among us, will refuse a stone to the memory of our venerated chief?

It is expected that, under the present pressure in monetary affairs shall have passed by, larger amounts will be contributed by citizens whose means will justify such liberality. The people of the South are continually called upon to contribute to similar objects located in the more northern portion of the Union, and respond liberally to these calls. This is all right. But have not objects equally national in their character, located in our native portion of the great national heritage still higher claims upon our liberality?

JED. H. LINDSAY,  
CHARLES C. YATES,  
JAMES R. McLEAN,  
W. J. McCONNELL,  
E. W. OGDEN,  
PETER ADAMS,  
JAMES SLOAN,  
LYNDON SWAIN,  
N. H. D. WILSON,  
LEVI M. SCOTT,  
Board of Managers,  
Greensboro, N. C., February, 1818.

MESSRS. KEITT AND GROW EXPLAIN.  
—The following are the explanations of Messrs. Keitt and Grow, made in the House of Representatives on Monday:

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, asked the indulgence of the House to make a brief personal explanation. He said:  
The House will remember that its proceedings during the session of Friday were broken by an unpleasant incident. It is due to fair dealing that I should assume upon this floor all responsibility for the violation of its order, its dignity, and its decorum. I was the aggressor, and what ever of responsibility attaches to the act properly belongs to me alone. It is also due to justice that I should make whatever reparation is in my power to the dignity and decorum of the House thus violated. I do that in the expression of profound regret at the occurrence. Personal collisions are always unpleasant, very seldom excusable, rarely justifiable, never in a legislative body. I feel the full force of the responsibility which I assume in saying that I was the aggressor, and that the entire responsibility properly belongs to me. In this connection I have but one other remark to make, and that is, whether any blow was directed at me or not is more than I can say; I am, at least, utterly unconscious of having received it. With this explanation, sir, I part with the subject.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania.—Mr. Speaker, I have been taught from my childhood that all fights among men are disgraceful to human nature and to a Christian community, and especially when they occur among the law-makers of a people, in the midst of their deliberations. The judgment, sir, of my riper years has fully satisfied me that my education, in this respect at least, has been good and true. Yet, sir, the right of self-defense I recognize as one of the inalienable rights of man, to be exercised upon all occasions and under all circumstances where it is necessary to protect life or person; and, sir, at the last sitting of this House I found myself unexpectedly engaged for the first time in my life, in a personal conflict. To the House I tender most cheerfully whatever apology is due for this violation of their order and decorum; and no one can regret more than myself that there should have been any occasion for a violation of either.

**Notes on Literature.**

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT, one of the most polished and agreeable writers in English literature, is yet upon the land of the living. He is the only remaining representative—the last link—of that band of brilliant thinkers, of which Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt and others were members, and whose names are inscribed high upon the scroll of fame, in the annals of British letters. Although far advanced in years, the brilliancy of his talents and the general vigor of his mind, remain unimpaired. Notwithstanding a venerable old age has enwreathed his brow, and Time has written his record there, he yet continues to enrich the literature of his country by the emanations of his gifted mind. Next to the authors of the "Spectator" and the "Vicar of Wakefield," there is not a star in the literary firmament of Great Britain, which emits a sweeter effulgence or shines with a more refined ray than the author of the exquisite little story of *Rimini*. Next to those two authors, whose names posterity has ineffaceably written upon the scroll of immortality, there is scarcely an author who can so readily enlist our sympathies, by his playful wit and sportive fancies, and gentle luminings of character, or for whom we entertain so strong a personal regard, and whose writings, at all times, are productive of such pleasing results, and fill the mind with such exalted ideals of the true, the good, the beautiful, in nature, in literature, in art; and cause us to regard with a spirit of clemency and compassion the errors and foibles of our fellow mortal, as Leigh Hunt. He seems to possess that magic key that unlocks our affections, enkindles our feelings, and awakens our good nature; and as we read his sunny and golden thoughts we become delighted with the author, with ourselves, and with the world at large. A spirit of geniality and kindness pervades all his serious writings and moral reflections; and his critical papers are characterized by the evidences of extensive erudition, a hearty appreciation of the original, and a peculiar fitness for the office. He is one of the most generous, magnanimous, and discerning critics known to English literature. He is quick to discover Truth and Beauty, and ever ready to commend them; while those defects, which mar the pages of many eminent authors, are carefully pointed out and made the subject of appropriate censure. No page is fair or more redolent of poetry than his. Every word, every sentence, breathes the very spirit of human kindness and enlightened morality. He directs the mind from the contemplation of baser things to that more exalted, and fills it with images, most admirably drawn, of grace, of loveliness, and of moral worth. We read his graceful pages with pleasure and with profit; for, pleasing as all that we meet with in his productions, wisdom, of the most sterling character is at the same time agreeably imparted. He possesses a most happy faculty of amusing the mind, and exciting the imagination, while he instructs the understanding. As a tutor, his manner of imparting information is unrivalled.

The beauties in the works of this excellent author do not consist of that brilliancy of style that lends a false glare to the "thoughts in type," nor are they of a character to readily attract the attention of the superficial reader. They rather consist in that silent wisdom, that extensive knowledge of human nature, required by years of close observation and experience, that exalted sense of Truth and Goodness, and exquisite appreciation of the beautiful—a "that veneration for the noble in human conduct, and lively sympathy for man's follies"—that strong sense of kindness, "keen wit and fancy fine," which go to make up the man with the great soul, and the writer for the people. His style is neither pompous nor meagre, but is extremely well united to the subject under discussion—natural, transparent, concise, and flowing. He appears before you in morning-gown and slippers, and tells you one of his liveliest little stories, or reads you an essay, replete with the evidences of fine scholarship, in language, at once plain, familiar, and comprehensive. We listen with delight, and desire to cultivate his acquaintance. We meet him again, and are better pleased. We continue the acquaintance; and as we grow into familiar intimacy with him we learn to love him more, and to set a higher value upon the products of his brain.

It is not my present intention to write a biographical sketch of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who is yet alive to write his own biography. I desire briefly to call the reader's attention to several of his works lately issued from the prolific press of Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON, New York. And in doing so I experience a two-fold pleasure. First on account of the intrinsic merits of the works themselves, and secondly, on the ground that it is an American edition and in every respect worthy of the precious thoughts contained in it. The productions embraced within this edition were selected with great care—partly by the author himself—from among the large number of his works, and are essentially the best of his literary performances. But few of his works have, hitherto, been reproduced in this country, and those few in a disconnected manner and in no wise creditable to the publisher. They have all fallen into the hands of the "good Samaritan," in falling into the hands of their present publishers, where ample justice will be done them in the way of presenting them in a creditable style to the American reading public. They are here embraced in that most excellent series of republishings now being issued from Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON'S press, under the appropriate cognomen of the "British Classics," of which I have frequently spoken heretofore. And it may be as well here to remark that the productions of the different authors embraced in this series are in no other manner connected than the being issued in uniform size and style of typographical execution and binding.

The first volume of this edition consists of the *Poetical Works*—his rendering of the most worthy productions of several of the most eminent English Poets into English prose. Prefaced to the translation of each different author's works is an elaborate and carefully-written essay upon the life and genius of the author. It is in these splendid essays that we find the author uttering many of his noblest thoughts, as well as exhibiting those evidences of fine scholarship, critical acumen and excellent judgment which have so essentially contributed to the establishment of his fame. The authors treated of are an English rendering of those works are embraced within this volume—this volume more precious

than fine gold—are Dante, who e passage through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven are rendered quite acceptable to the modern reader by the omission of those repulsive passages and Catholic bigotries so plentifully interspersed in the original; Pulci, whose "Humors of Giants" and "Battle of Boicewalles" are endowed with an additional charm in the graceful style of the translator; BOIARDI, whose "Adventures of Angelica," "Death of Agricola," "The Sarcophagi" and "Seeing and Believing" appear in all the freshness and brilliancy of the original; Ariosto, who appears to advantage in his English dress; and Tasso, whose labored production on here, for the first time, appears to me. New charms are lent to the works of these authors by the beauty of the style and the skillful manner in which they are rendered into pure idiomatic English by the translator. Those portions of Dante which outraged all decency and propriety by their gross vulgarity and improper allusions to Roman Catholic bigotry, are happily expunged in the translation. In other words, the useless and irrelevant matter is excluded, and only that which could in any manner be acceptable to readers of the present time or contribute to the perpetuation of Dante's fame, find a place in this volume. Thanks, certainly, of every good reader are due to Mr. Hunt for this nice and judicious rendering of Dante. The object of this entire volume is to present the works of these eminent Italian authors in such a shape and style, as that readers generally may acquire a familiar knowledge of them without first studying the language in which they were originally written. The object is commendable, and the manner in which it has been executed is, certainly, equally worthy of commendation.

The second volume consists of "Selections from the English Poets, with markings of the best passages, critical notices of the Writers, and an Essay on What is Poetry." What shall I say of this book, this gem in the language! What a contrast between this and the volume I have just spoken of! and yet neither will lose in the reader's estimation, by the contrast; each is a perfect jewel in its own way. I cannot speak in terms too complimentary of this book. It is a volume that will suit everybody and anybody, and at all times. The "Selections" are made from the best authors in English literature, and yet they are not the same that we see in almost every book of selections; yet many of them are as familiar to many of us as "household words." They certainly lose nothing by being re-read, or by being placed in the position they here occupy. But, perhaps, the most estimable portions of the whole volume are the articles on "What is Poetry," and the critical notices of the different authors, whose works contribute to the making up of this book. Mr. Hunt here occupies the double capacity of an antiquary and a critic. We admire his judgment in the first, and applaud his genius in the second. This work has been very popular in England since its publication, and will soon enjoy a great popularity in this country.

"A Book for a Corner" is the title of the third volume—a volume gleaned from the extensive field of English letters. The basis upon which the selections contained in this volume were made, was to cull from the writings of eminent and obscure authors' articles of the rarest merit, and suited to all manner of tastes. The selections are by no means confined to the productions of some authors, there is but a single article devoted to Posterity, and upon which the fame of its author reposes. There are many instances of this kind in the literature of every country. Mr. Hunt, bearing this fact in mind, and having a desire to render this book both entertaining and instructive—like the bee that culls over the world gathering honey, he culled the articles comprised therein, with regard to their intrinsic merits—from sources both obscure and eminent. To him it mattered not whom the author was, if his production was worthy and suited to the author's enterprise. In this he has shown the evidence of good taste, sound judgment, and wholesome sense. For many an hour have I sat in the "corner" with this precious volume, treasuring up in my mind these thoughts divine, which have withstood the ravages and devastations of Time for centuries. "Time proves all things," says the old adage. If this be true, the worthiness of these relics of former ages has been satisfactorily proven. It is with a great deal of pleasure that I always read this volume, and never place it by without feeling better and wiser from having read it.

The fourth and concluding volume of the series is composed of essays and miscellanies. Many of the articles contained in this volume were written in the youth and vigor of the author's manhood. They bear the marks of a vigorous mind striving to give utterance to the burning thoughts that dwell therein. With more fire and vehemence and a little more of energy in the style they are wanting in that richness of imagination and maturity of thought and effeminate sweetness of expression and smoothness of style which characterize his later writings. They are important in more than one aspect; important on account of their own inherent worth, and important when taken in connection with the remainder of the author's writings as affording a complete illustration of the development of the author's genius and varied talents. They are regarded by Mr. Hunt himself, as amongst his choicest productions, for they were selected and arranged, as they appear in this work, by his own hands. Although I may estimate them somewhat differently from what Mr. Hunt does, yet I would not wish to be without them; and I do not think that any admirer of this excellent writer would wish to be deprived of the privilege of perusing them. They form a medium between the essays of William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb;—neither as fiery and brilliant as the former, or as quaint and mystical as the latter.

I have now briefly alluded to the volumes comprising this edition of the works of one of the most eminent living British authors. I would gladly write of and concerning them at greater length if I had space permit. But I think I have said enough already to direct my reader's attention to them; and if I have succeeded in this, my present object has been accomplished. It is only necessary for a reader of taste to examine them, even cursorily, to become impressed with a desire, and a strong one too, to possess and read them. They are works of beauty and works of value—just such works as it does my soul good to read and recommend. I know that of which I speak—having read them carefully myself—and my concluding remark is, "Go thou and do likewise."

We have winter at last. Summer days have fled, and the earth is covered with snow. The merry sound of bells echo through the streets, and the laughter of other bells ring out upon the clear, cold air. It seems really dismal, so sudden has our warm weather vanished, and the snow taken its place.

**Waits from Washington.**

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "TIMES."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1858.

Congressional Conduct.—Business in Congress.—Record of the President.—A New Statue.—The Recording Angel.—The Red, the Flaming Petition.—Winter at last.—Inventions, &c., &c.

Congress has conducted itself in an orderly and quiet manner, since the recent collision in the lower House. We had the usual rumors necessarily following such an occasion, viz: duels, visions of the Clifton House, &c., but the idle breath of gossip faded away at the explanations and apologies of the participants. And we may say with Cowper,

"'Tis hard indeed if nothing will defend  
Mankind from quarrels, but this fatal end."

And I am inclined to think that the Honorable members contemplate a decided improvement. I observed a member in his seat the other day, reading a certain *Journal of Civilization*, published in N. Y. city. And so we may hope for a change.

The business of Congress may be summarily stated. In the Senate the Army bill has met with an increased and decided opposition; and there is no prospect of its passage in its original form. In the House the President's message and the Kansas Constitution have been referred to a special Committee; and that question is thus briefly disposed of. The House has also been quarrelling over its power to compel witnesses to answer proper questions before the Investigating Committee, and making minute speeches on privileged questions. These Investigating Committees have proved to be very expensive.

An appropriation of forty thousand dollars is now asked to pay expenses already incurred; and before the close of this session it is estimated that this amount will be increased to one hundred thousand dollars. Charges of corruption cost Uncle Sam a good round sum to clear up.

The President had his third reception last week, and in numbers and brilliancy it exceeded those previously given. When I say brilliancy, I do not mean that, when we were diamonds or richer costumes, but there were fairer representatives of the beauty and intelligence of our country. There is not such a display of jewelry, &c., at the receptions this season, as there was last. The ladies appear in more simple costumes, but none the less appropriate and beautiful. Nevertheless there was one lady—of course "the observed of all observers"—who was decked with diamonds to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars! quite enough to cause a bank to resume specie payment. There was the usual sprinkling of Foreign Ministers, Cabinet Officers, Senators and members.

The President was looking remarkably well, but he seemed quite tired of the endless "shaking." Receptions are the order of the day and evening among all the *ton*.

The Rotunda in the Capitol has become a common museum for the display of paintings, statuary, &c., belonging to private individuals, who place them there with the view of attracting the attention of Congress, and by means of a little lobbying, endeavor to get an appropriation for their works. In the majority of cases they succeed.

There are models of various half-fledged inventions, mere dubs turned paintings, and ill-executed statuary, distributed all around the Rotunda. Among this collection I notice a statue, which has attracted no little attention from the press, called the "Recording Angel," executed by some ingenious Vermont. This production, of a new genius, is about the usual size, and in fact resembles very much the common plaster statue hawked about the streets by Italian "Artists." It simply represents an angel holding in her left hand the *minutes* and rolled record of time, while she significantly points to it with her right hand. This design is inconsistent with the figurative idea which we entertain of the Recording Angel. It is a question of no critical doubt in our mind, that the Recording Angel never finishes her record. She records the progress of time to eternity. That record is never complete. The old design of the opened book and the half-written page, with the Angel seated in the Chariot of Time, whose wheels never cease to revolve, is far preferable to this new conception. It is a parallel display of artistic power with Greenough's "Washington"—with its Roman sword and toga and its Colossus-of-Rhodes proportions. Our New England Artist should try again.

I have spoken of all the innovations, receptions, new fangled notions, &c., in my previous waifs, with the exception of "the Red, the flaming petition." It has now become a fixed institution in the metropolitan—*as I knew it would be on its first introduction by a distinguished English lady of the Royal Court, sojourning here this season.* These "showy articles of attire" may be seen in any numbers on the avenue, on a pleasant afternoon; and all that immodest (?) assuming Editors may say of them, does not effect one iota of reform, for when they feel "noticed" there is a perfect avalanche of them afterwards. One Editor, (I pity him) says that these garments are bold, unladylike, and out of taste; that they add nothing to beauty, detract from symmetry, and are good for nothing more than to attract the vulgar eyes of man and beast." Charles Mackay, in his poem on the subject, tells us that he regards the white petticoat as a galling noose, retiring virtue, and the red as an emblem of bold, showy wantonness. A New England Editor has invented a story to the effect that cattle having a penchant for articles of that color, have manifested their displeasure by tossing several ladies over the fences, in "his town." Such arguments are of no avail. This ridiculous fashion having received the approval of her Royal Majesty, Victoria, in Europe, it will of course be universally adopted in this country; for anything foreign (*cide Mackay*) will "take." But *cive le je ne!*

We have winter at last. Summer days have fled, and the earth is covered with snow. The merry sound of bells echo through the streets, and the laughter of other bells ring out upon the clear, cold air. It seems really dismal, so sudden has our warm weather vanished, and the snow taken its place.

I notice in the official report of patents issued, that Mr. F. M. Walker, of Greensboro, has obtained a patent for an improvement in machines for husking corn. Many valuable patents are granted to citizens of N. Carolina for improvements in agriculture. I doubt not that the farmers of that State will appreciate the inventive talent of her citizens.

Yours, &c., ANGUS.

**THE BUSY WORLD.**

Late from Cuba and California.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 13.—The steamer Empire City arrived here last night, bringing Havana dates to the 9th, and intelligence from San Francisco to the 20th of January.

California news is unimportant; the markets are dull. Oregon intelligence states that the Snake Indians had an intent to join the Mormons.

South American advices bring an account of the arrest of Mr. Lomer, on a charge of conspiring to bring arms to the Americans.

The correspondence between ex-President Echagüe, Mr. Lomer, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Col. Fitzgerald, of North Carolina, has been published. It is thought that Lomer would be shot.

In Peru there was no change in the relations between the government and Vivanco. The legislature of Montevideo had been dispersed by the military. A war between Brazil and Paraguay was imminent.

It was reported that Mr. Dara, the American minister to Bolivia, had already or was about to resign.

A HYENA LOOSE.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald, of the 6th inst., says:

A distressing tragedy occurred this week in the Western part of this State. Grannug's Menagerie is wintering two miles west of Panding county. Among the other animals was a hyena, said to be the largest in the United States. The animal was very ferocious, and had twice bitten his keeper. Early Wednesday morning the hyena escaped. Search was instantly made and later in the morning he was discovered in the grave-yard, having dug up and partly devoured two or three dead bodies. Several of the citizens rushed in to take it, when it turned upon its assailants, striking down a German day laborer, named Jacob Poffenberg, and crushed the head of the unfortunate man in his jaws, killing him instantly. The brute then made its escape, after tearing the flesh from the right arm and chest of a lad, who is not expected to recover. The animal succeeded in making good its escape. The citizens are much excited. Parties are scouring the woods, and the menagerie men have been notified by some of the citizens to remove their establishment at once.

MARRIAGE OF MR. FILLMORE.—Ex-President Fillmore was married on the evening of the 10th inst. to Mrs. McIntosh of Albany, N. Y.

The bride of ex-President Fillmore is the widow of the late Ezekiel C. McIntosh, of Albany. She has for sometime occupied the "Schuyler Mansion," formerly the residence of Alexander Hamilton, (where he married), and subsequently occupied by Colonel Schuyler. She will accompany Mr. Fillmore to his residence in Buffalo.

FROM NEW MEXICO.—St. Louis, Feb. 13.—Santa Fe dates are of the 10th. Business was brisk. The legislature had adjourned. A gold mine had been discovered in the vicinity of Fort Fillmore. There had been no overt act of hostility on the part of the Utah Indians, but the Mormons were evidently tampering with them.

The Santa Fe Gazette advocates the raising of a regiment of mounted riflemen for an expedition, stating that a march could be made from there to Salt Lake in five days. The same paper recommends reinforcements to be sent through New Mexico—the route being much easier than the northern. Abundant provisions and forage can be had in destitute canons, and the route can be travelled quicker than via Larabee.

FROM LIBERIA.

We learn from the Baltimore Sun that the colonization ship *Caroline Stephens*, which left Hampton Roads on the 12th of November last, fell in with the brig *Hannah*, from Monrovia, bound to Sierra Leone, she not having found a market for her cargo in Liberia. No produce of any kind to be obtained, and no demand for the native trade. This is rather bad news for the African paradise, and in strict confirmation of the advice which have been indirectly received from the same quarter for some time past. There can be no doubt that the inevitable destiny of the "Colony" is being fulfilled. In spite of the constant supply of aid and comfort from this country, civilization in Liberia refuses to make any progress. The negro does not discover much of that valuable "equality" which he heard so much about in this Union, for some half a dozen men own nearly all the property in the country, and President Roberts is effectually unproductive of the thumb of one. He does not advance much in intellectuality, for even the only newspaper published in the Colony has been stopped for want of patronage; and the "Civilization" has not been extended to the surrounding tribes, for the native Africans laugh at them for their notions in reference to the holding of slaves. These are some of the facts that have "leaked out" in spite of the efforts of the friends of the Colonization movement, to suppress the truth and to make the black Colony appear as white as possible. The history of the negro shows that, while under the control of a superior intelligence, he is capable of an inferior degree of civilization, he relapses into barbarity when relieved of the restraint and left to his own direction. They who know the nature of the African foretell the failure of the Colony, and recent events have shown that their predictions were well founded.—*Char. Courier.*

S. C. NORMAL SCHOOL.—Through the indefatigable and patriotic efforts of Mr. Meuninger and other friends of education, this institution, to be located in Charleston, promises to be eminently successful. Several public spirited citizens of Charleston have contributed handsomely to the fund which has to be raised before the amount given by the State can be secured. Among the contributors who have given \$500, we notice the liberal and generous-hearted editor of the *Courier*, Mr. Yeardon.—*Columbia Times.*

HIGH PRICES FOR NEGROES IN ALABAMA.—At a sale of the property belonging to the estate of Malcolm Smith, which took place on Monday, the 1st instant, in the vicinity of Prattville, Ala., negroes brought most extraordinary prices, reminding one forcibly of the "rush times of Alabama." The Montgomery *Confederate* says:

Likely young fellows were bid off at fifteen and sixteen hundred dollars, while girls of the same description reached nearly the same figures. One girl was sold for sixteen hundred and sixty dollars. The land belonging to the estate realized its full value. The terms of the sale were twelve months' credit. Are the times really hard? or are they merely imagined to be so by general consent?

BANK RESUMPTION IN VIRGINIA.—A bill has been reported in the Legislature fixing the 1st of April as the day on which the Banks of the State must generally resume specie payments.

**From Europe.**

Liverpool dates to the 8th ult.

Advices a week later from India had been received. Sir Colin Campbell was still at Cawnpore, and will shortly go westward with a powerful force. Gen. Outram had attacked the enemy at Ahmednagar, and defeated them with the capture of four guns. The Punjab and Central India were quiet.

There is nothing later from China. The correspondence of the English papers says that the American Commissioner sought an interview with Yeh, but had met with a sarcastic rebuff. Lord Elgin's demand had likewise been rejected in the same strain, and a speedy attack on Canton was accordingly anticipated.

The Leviathan was expected to be afloat on the day the steamer sailed.

The English money market continued easy, and a further decline in the bank rates was expected.

An imperial decree divides the French army into five great divisions, to be respectively under Marshal's Castellane, Bismarck, Folliesier, Canrobert, and Valiant.

A conspiracy against the King of Naples has been discovered.

A HYENA LOOSE.—The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald, of the 6th inst., says:

A distressing tragedy occurred this week in the Western part of this State. Grannug's Menagerie is wintering two miles west of Panding county. Among the other animals was a hyena, said to be the largest in the United States. The animal was very ferocious, and had twice bitten his keeper. Early Wednesday morning the hyena escaped. Search was instantly made and later in the morning he was discovered in the grave-yard, having dug up and partly devoured two or three dead bodies. Several of the citizens rushed in to take it, when it turned upon its assailants, striking down a German day laborer, named Jacob Poffenberg, and crushed the head of the unfortunate man in his jaws, killing him instantly. The brute then made its escape, after tearing the flesh from the right arm and chest of a lad, who is not expected to recover. The animal succeeded in making good its escape. The citizens are much excited. Parties are scouring the woods, and the menagerie men have been notified by some of the citizens to remove their establishment at once.

COMMON SCHOOLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From the annual report of the Superintendent of Common Schools for the State of Pennsylvania, for the year ending June 25, 1857, it appears that exclusive of the city of Philadelphia, there are 19,950 public schools in the State, being an increase of 259 as compared with the last previous report. There are yet wanted 694 schools to satisfy the requirements of the existing districts. There are employed 12,475 teachers, being an increase of 118 over the last year. Including the city of Philadelphia the number of teachers is 13,445, of whom 7,924 are males and 5,521 females. Whole number of scholars, exclusive of Philadelphia, 541,247; being an increase of 17,493 over last year, and 65,692 over 1855. Including Philadelphia, the aggregate for the whole State is 596,008. In the city the number of applicants waiting for admission to the schools is reported at 3,369.

MISS PETTIT, the Virginia authoress, is, we understand, to give series of Shakespearean readings throughout the Southern cities. She cannot fail to make a sensation, for in addition to genius of a high order, her personal attractions are remarkable. Her face and head are in themselves a study of classic beauty, while her voice has all the soft rich music which belongs to the accents of her clime. Those who are familiar with that exquisite production of poetry and passion, "Light and Darkness," will need no other inducement to attend these readings than the natural desire to behold the fair and brilliant authoress.—*N. Y. Herald.*

IS FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY.—The year 1858 begins and ends on Friday. January, April, July, October, and December, have five Fridays each. April and December end on Friday, and January and October begin on Friday. There are 53 Fridays in the year. We trust, however it will not prove more disastrous than 1857.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—Mr. J. McChesney, of Toronto, Canada West, died on Monday 8th inst. while under the influence of chloroform.

He desired the extraction of six teeth, but would have no operation performed by the dentist (Dr. M. D. French) unless placed under the influence of chloroform. He was told its dangers, but strenuously insisted on his point, assuming all responsibility. Accordingly it was administered in the usual way, by a sponge to the nostrils of the patient. After a short time he began to laugh, and when asked the cause said "he could not help it, seeing those fellows (meaning the dentist and another person) laughing at him." It was then thought he was sufficiently insensible to commence the operation of lancing the gums. He winced under the lancing, and the chloroform was again applied, and the teeth removed. But as soon as this was done, he was seen to alter in appearance, his eyes became fixed, the jaws fell, respiration ceased; and the heart's action stopped. Every possible attempt was made to restore animation, but to no purpose. A coroner's jury exonerated the dentist from all blame, as it was shown that the chloroform was voluntarily inhaled, and that more than ordinary care was used in administering it.

INDICTMENT OF GEN. WALKER.—On the 31st inst., the grand jury of the United States district court of New Orleans found a true bill against Gen. Walker, and of his men, Frank Anderson, Dudley McMichael, Jno. S. West and Floyd Bedard. They were bound in bonds of \$2000 each to appear before the United States circuit court, on the fourth Monday of April next.

A NEW STATE.—It is proposed to make an effort for a territorial organization of the upper peninsula of Michigan, under the name of Superior or Mackinaw. The country embraces some sixteen thousand square miles, abounds in mineral resources, and has an estimated population of ten thousand. At present it is part of the State of Michigan, from the main portion of which, however, it is separated by the straits of Mackinaw, and with which it has no common interests.

**COMMERCIAL.**

GREENSBORO MARKET, Feb. 18.

Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Geo. H. Keitt, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.  
Sugar, Crushed, 12 Cents, Spirits, 48  
Loaf, 12 Cents, 1 1/2  
C. Yellow, 10 1/2 Cents, 22 1/2  
A Coffee, 11 1/2 Cents, 50 00  
Brown, 11 1/2 Cents, 16 18  
Lard, 11 1/2 Cents, 11 1/2  
Lard, 12 1/2 Cents, 11 1/2  
Java, 17 1/2 Cents, 67 1/2  
St. Domingo, 12 Cents, 42  
Molasses, by hhd., 28 Cents, 42  
by bbl., 30 Cents, 42  
Cheese, 10 Cents, 24 1/2  
Lard, 11 1/2 Cents, 11 1/2  
Moor, Family, 5 1/2 Cents, 9 1/2  
Sugar, 5 1/2 Cents, 8 1/2  
Spice, Turpentine, 1 1/2 Cents, 7 1/2  
Honey, 1 1/2 Cents, 1 1/2

WILMINGTON MARKET, Feb. 16.

Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Geo. H. Keitt, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.  
Sugar, Crushed, 12 Cents, Spirits, 48  
Loaf, 12 Cents, 1 1/2  
C. Yellow, 10 1/2 Cents, 22 1/2  
A Coffee, 11 1/2 Cents, 50 00  
Brown, 11 1/2 Cents, 16 18  
Lard, 11 1/2 Cents, 11 1/2  
Lard, 12 1/2 Cents, 11 1/2  
Java, 17 1/2 Cents, 67 1/2  
St. Domingo, 12 Cents, 42  
Molasses, by hhd., 28 Cents, 42  
by bbl., 30 Cents, 42  
Cheese, 10 Cents, 24 1/2  
Lard, 11 1/2 Cents, 11 1/2  
Moor, Family, 5 1/2 Cents, 9 1/2  
Sugar, 5 1/2 Cents, 8 1/2  
Spice, Turpentine, 1 1/2 Cents, 7 1/2  
Honey, 1 1/2 Cents, 1 1/2

NORFOLK MARKET, Feb. 15.

Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.  
Flour, Family, 6.00 Cents, 1.00  
Extra, 5.50 Cents, 24  
Superfine, 5.25 Cents, 24  
Corn, Mixed, 5.00 Cents, 24  
Yellow, 5.00 Cents, 24  
Lard, White, No. 1, 10 Cents, 40  
Red, do, 9 Cents, 40  
Cotton, 100 lb., 10 Cents, 10  
Peas, Black Eye, 1.00 Cents, 1.00  
Peas, Black, 1.00 Cents, 1.00  
Lard, No. 1, 11 Cents, 40  
Lard, No. 2, 10 Cents, 40  
Lard, No. 3, 9 Cents, 40  
Lard, No. 4, 8 Cents, 40





GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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EDITORS.

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OUR PRIZE STORIES.—This number of

the Times concludes one of the Prize

Stories. Besides the exciting interest of the

plot and the writer's peculiar lively style,

the story inculcates a lesson seldom taught

in fiction, but which is too often learned

by sad experience. A jealous husband or

wife is but another expression for unhap-

piness.

Next week we will commence another

Prize story, longer than this one, entitled

"The Stray Wolf." The reader is asked to

peruse and judge of its beauty.

Southern Medical College.

We take great pleasure in calling the

reader's attention to the advertisement of

the Atlanta Medical College. The College

is established in the center of the South-

ern States and should, therefore, offer

inducements to southern students.

Davidson College.

North-Carolina, the banner State of the

South in educational facilities, is still pro-

gressive in this noble field of labor. She

is not becoming laggard from her past

prosperity, but is yearly adding fresh im-

petus to her zeal. Besides her system of

Common Schools, equal to any in the South,

and her very many excellent academies

and high schools, she has about eighteen

or twenty Colleges, male and female, well

sustained and of high grade.

Of the prosperity of Davidson College,

located in the county of Mecklenburg, and

under the management of the Presbyterian

Church, the Editor of the N. C. Presby-

terian speaks in the following language:

"The College is in a more prosperous

condition than at any previous period of

its existence. The Faculty are faithful

and laborious, and the standard of schol-

arship is as high as that of any Institution

in the land. Nowhere, we may safely as-

sert, is better discipline maintained, or a

more wholesome and decided religious im-

pulse brought to bear upon the minds of

students.

"The location is healthy, board is cheap

and tuition is a mere trifle. All are on

scholarships, and if a student does not own

one, he can rent one for \$12 to \$15 per

year. There are about 85 students in at-

tendance. The Faculty is large, compared

with the number of students. There are

six Professors, and the vacancy in the

chair of Belles Lettres, it is hoped and ex-

pected, will be filled during this year.—

The students can recite much oftener and

be more thoroughly drilled than where the

classes are so very large.

"A large amount of apparatus has just

been purchased by the Professor of Chem-

istry, and in addition there is perhaps

the best cabinet of Minerals in the coun-

### What is our Destiny?

"We know of no way of judging of the future but by the past." There is none other unerring lamp to guide our wayward steps, than the lamp of experience. And judging by the experience of the past, what have we to hope? We speak as a nation; a Republic of sudden and mighty growth, whose position is first, politically and socially, of all the nations of the globe. Is our unprecedented past to be the faint emblem of the more brilliant future?—The instinctive love of country would find a garland of hope so beautiful; but the faithful chronicler of the past—the unerring seer of the future bids us fear.

In the earliest days of our national life, when enemies oppressed and friends were few, patriots lived to guide in assembled councils. Upon whom have their mantles fallen?

In strength of intellect and in refinement, perhaps they have many equals, but where are the men whose first thought is their country, whose second thought is their country, whose third thought is their country, and who thinks nothing but their country? Have we another Patrick Henry; have we another Jefferson; have we another Madison; have we another Adams. Not that our modern so-called patriots have not the beautiful diction and the graceful elocution, but their own image sits enthroned upon the seat of their affections, unrivalled and supreme. The old watch-words of "Our country—our whole country" have given place to wire-pulling chicanery, and the most skillful juggler sits in seats most exalted.

Prosperity has ever been a curse to Republics. It begets indolence, and indolence leads to vice, and corruption is the cancer that eats the vitals of political happiness. If we, therefore, would shun the unfortunate fate of those, who, like us, have stood highest in the galaxy of nations, let us avoid the unfortunate errors and views of others, and imitate their virtues; that we may, in escaping the consequences of the former, reap the sweet fruits of the latter.

To this end, first in importance is a high moral sentiment. The masses must be educated; intelligence and refinement must be the guests of the most humble and unpretending, as well as of the rich and the ambitious politician. Over the ancient Republics we enjoy a great advantage. The Press, with its wonder-working influence, is untrammelled and free to operate—to disseminate knowledge, to cultivate the mind and the heart, to enlighten and direct the multitude. But the greater the instrument for wielding an influence for good, the greater its curse when worked with corrupted hands. It is, therefore, imposed upon the people, while they look to the Press for light, yet to watch with vigilance, that that light is not darkness. The Press that is bribed is equally worthy of an infamous death with the treacherous demagogue who deems his money sufficient to buy place.

Another advantage over the ancient Republics, and indebted to the invention of the Press, is the greater perfecting of our school systems. Books are cheap and knowledge may be disseminated in every district of a few square miles to the poor and the rich alike. Indelible impressions of virtue and patriotism may be made upon the tender minds, that time will not efface, nor juggling politicians deceive. It is, therefore, the indispensable duty of every patriot, of every lover of his country to encourage and nurture every enterprise, whose object is the formation and strengthening of the principles of virtue and integrity, first in the masses of the people, and secondly through their suffrage, in their representatives and lawmakers.

We have been led into these reflections by the very apparent decline in the integrity of our politicians as exhibited to the whole country in the many every-day intrigues and log-rolling schemes for self-aggrandizement. In the congressional discussions for many years past the love of the negro has not prompted the acts of either party. Neither do they care straw about Kansas, if they can promote self-interest.

We deprecate the policy of placing wicked men in high places, or else the Union must be dissolved to give each aspirant for the "White House" two, instead of only one chance for the honorable position.

Since writing the above, we have met with an article in the Alexandria Sentinel, commenting immediately upon the late fight in Congress, yet to some extent bearing a connection to the above. The remarks are good and we republish them:

The struggle and the scenes of Friday night in the Hall of Representatives will painfully startle and impress the country. Such signs seem indeed prescient, and look as if they were almost the beginning of the end towards which they point.

When the representatives of the several States cannot meet without sectional fights in the very halls of legislation, the rule will have come for them to adjourn sine die. The tumult of Friday night is even more a terror than a disgrace. The elements must be not only combustible, but ready to kindle, if a mere spark can thus put them into flame. It is the deep-seated animosities in which these disorders have their birth, which give them significance.

The North and South are fast growing into two distinct peoples, with contrasts and opinions and sentiments and manners almost as marked as are those which divide the French and English. The railroads and intercommunications on which we rely to prevent these differences and assimilate us to each other, seem not to accomplish the expectation. The great mass of the people remain unaffected. The comparatively few who travel, are generally the ambitious or the money-making, who are over-awed by the home sentiment instead of giving tone to it.

In this condition of things, more of the

### spirit of fraternal concession is necessary

now than when there was less occasion for its exercise. But this spirit seems to be decaying, instead of strengthening for the exigency. Demagogues, as a means of riding into power, are fanning prejudices which they can neither ally nor direct. Unless Providence shall send another mind to our people, we must inevitably and speedily fall amid the breakers of disunion.

A gifted one has told us—

"Fear not such sudden sound and shock; 'Tis of the war and not the rock!"

It may prove so now. Most fervently do we trust it will. But we are constrained to regard the times as full of dangers,—rocks and winding channels, over which angry tempests are sweeping. It is a time when all hands should be upon deck! Every patriot should arouse himself, and should commence his work by seeing that his own feelings and temper and aims are fraternal and conciliatory and just. It is not in the Kansas question that our trouble lies. It is in the causes which have made a question of Kansas.

Upon the same subject, the Richmond Daily Whip of the 16th contains the following paragraph.

The late battle royal in the House of Representatives cannot fail to impress all men of reflection with a painful sense of the progressive deterioration which the country has undergone within the last generation. The House of Representatives, when Henry Clay presided over its deliberations, was a body of men, the foundation of the Government, the most dignified public body of its size in the world. The British House of Commons and the French Chambers bore no comparison with it, either in the general respectability of the members, or the decorum with which it discharged its public duties. The very flower of the nation—the choice of its talent, its integrity and its courtesy—was assembled within its walls. In those days, had a whisper of corruption among its members been heard, the whole nation would have been struck with horror. Had disunion been openly proclaimed upon the floor, the whole body would have shrunk from the orator, as from a man afflicted with leprosy or the plague. Had the members forgotten themselves and their duties, so far as to engage in a fistfight before the Speaker's chair, the nation would have felt and resented the insult. Apoplexy has been the change most awful the descent. Corruption, rowdiness, dissipation, have become causes to attract attention. The mind of man may become accustomed to almost anything. Had actions continually repeated, lose, at last, their horror. The worst man comes to be tolerated, when we find a number of others almost as bad as he.

LYNCH LAW IN INDIANA.—A great excitement prevails in the counties of La Grange, De Kalb, Noble and Elkhart, Indiana, in consequence of the formation of a band of Regulators, or vigilance committee. A correspondent, an eye-witness of the operations, says—

"For several years there has been a regularly organized band of horse-thieves, burglars, counterfeiters and murderers, whose range extended from Chicago to Toledo. The swamps and oak barrens of Noble and adjacent counties have been their headquarters and principal hiding places. At last their numbers became so great, and their villainous deeds so bold and daring, that it was unsafe for a stranger or any one who was supposed had money to pass alone the public highways, without a posse of safety. Within the last few months there have been several highway robberies and attempts to commit murder. At length the better portion of the citizens of Noble and adjoining counties organized themselves into vigilance committees, horse companies, &c., to see if they could not ferret out some of the leaders."

The committees have succeeded in capturing some thirty or forty and imprisoning them to await further proceedings. Three of the men have been hung and previous to their hanging made many confessions and pronounced their retribution just, and at the same time very feelingly warned the young to shun bad company, and never to do the first bad deed; as then the down-hill trip is easy.

ZODIACAL LIGHT.—We extract from the Intelligence, for the benefit of astronomical readers, the following letter from an Annapolis correspondent:

"I wish to draw attention to the beautiful exhibitions of the zodiacal light, now to be seen in the evening sky. They will continue from this time on, in the evening, until about the close of March.

"As soon as the night has fairly set in (at present about seven o'clock), this light may be seen in the shape of a sharp pyramid, passing upward from near the western horizon by Jupiter, and thence by the Pleiades, beyond which it is lost in the milky way. On the eastern side of the milky way it can again be traced, especially between Praesepe and Regulus; but in this latter case it is very faint, being like a thin white gauze along the sky, and can be detected only by a careful comparison of that portion of the heavens with the portions on either side. In the west, it is a beautiful yellow light, looking as if the sun were just about to rise there."

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Young lady recovered her senses and with the fleetness of the forest deer bounded "to him"—one backward glance and she beheld young man, a silent monument, with hands tightly grasping the reins of amazed horse—head twisted back and eyes bent upon her retreating form.

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